

## Dragon Generation

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-05-18 22:18:40

Updated: 2014-05-18 22:18:40

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:46:43

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,054

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Elsa, Anna, Rapunzel and Merida win a radio giveaway, winning five tickets and backstage passes to the sold-out concert of the latest cover band, Dragon Generation... and they just so happen to force their friend, Jack, to come along to the concert too. Stuff happens, read to find out! Hijack! RPNAU! Idea from Overland Haddock! M for the content of the songs :)

## Dragon Generation

**\*\*Hi everyone! This is another story for Overland Haddock, and she edited this as well as gave me the idea. :D I hope you guys like this! \*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I own absolutely nothing! I'm just a random person with a laptop and time.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"Come on Jack!" Merida yelled. "Hurry up!"<p>

"I thought I made it perfectly clear that I wasn't going," Jack said, shoving his glasses up the bridge of his nose forcefully, hoping he made his point.

"Oh, come on, Jackie!" Anna said, clinging on his arm and looking up at him. He rolled his eyes.

"What's the fun of staying in your dorm all day?" Rapunzel, or Punzie, said, hopping on the balls of her feet slightly.

"I just don't want to go!" Jack said, shrugging Anna off gently.

"We have an extra ticket, Jack," Elsa said moderately. "It'll be a waste for you not to go."

"Just sell it to some hobo on the street or something. I'm sure he'll

want to go more than me!" Jack argued. "I don't even like the band, why should I go?"

"Dragon Generation is an extremely popular band!" Anna said. "Plus we got front row seats!"

"Don't forget theâ€|" Punzie said.

"Backstage passes!" They all yelled, then laughed crazily.

"Yeah, that's great that you guys won the radio give-away and all, but, I just don't feel like going," Jack said, shrugging his friends off. Merida rolled her eyes, and grabbed Jack's shoulder.

"Get a sweater and your wallet," She said, looking him dead in the eye. "You're going."

\* \* \*

><p>The noise was loud as Jack was surrounded by the swarming fans of Dragon Generation. He was sitting directly in the front row, literally sitting. He was the only person in the crowd that was moodily sitting down in the chairs that were provided. Jack really didn't want to be here as he stuffed his hands in the front pocket of the hoodie he rarely wore. Elsa said that it would be too cold to wear his usual polo shirt, bow tie, and vest, so he swapped it out for his hoodie instead.<p>

The chatter was really giving him a headache. Elsa nudged his shoulder.

"Hey, you feeling alright?" She questioned, smiling. Jack rolled his eyes, adjusting his glasses again.

"Oh, yeah. Perfect," Jack remarked. "I just love being forced to go to a concert I said I really didn't want to."

"Good," Elsa said, "because that was my idea."

"Lighten up, Jackie," Anna said, ruffling his hair like he was three. He spazzed, flailing his arms in her direction to stop her from ruffling his already agitated hair. He really shouldn't have sat in between the Arendelle sistersâ€| or he should have at least styled his hair like he normally did before walking out of his dorm.

"OOOH!" Punzie yelled, along with the rest.

"It's starting!" Merida yelled.

A guy walked on stage, wearing black skinny jeans, a tight-fitting dark green tank top, and a sleeve-less leather vest. His boots reached mid-calf, and his hair was a deep auburn, from what Jack could see, and spiked up willy-nilly. His green eyes were intense, looking out into the crowd before spotting Jack, who was the only person sitting down in the sea of people. He threw a wink in Jack's direction, and took a microphone.

"Hey Burgess! How you all doing tonight?!" He said, his voice deep. A million screaming girls answered him. "We're Dragon Generation!" He

said, gesturing to his friend behind him. His friend had long jet black hair with gleaming green eyes to match. He was dressed in a solid black hoodie, with leather pants and boots. He had a pair of Beats headphones around his neck.

"Y'all ready for a good time?!" His friend yelled into his microphone, getting another yell from the girls. Jack rolled his eyes as the two on stage were accompanied by the rest of Dragon Generation and music started to play.

Jack had to roll his eyes again. The song was totally mainstreamed, nothing like what he usually listened to, and he was already annoyed.

"\_Unh\_," The first guy said into the microphone, and girl's screamed in the most fan-girlish way possible. Jack just sank lower into his seat.

"\_Alright\_"

\_Fuck, those other boys, baby\_

\_Fuck, them other guys.\_

\_Yeah, I see a nose ring\_

\_Might as well be a bull's eye\_

\_I never used to pull girls like you, nope!\_

\_Not in o'nine\_

\_You ain't a mix tape chick baby,\_

\_Had to sell a million for your time,\_

\_Say ay~oh\_

\_Can you hear me? Uh, can you hear me?\_

\_One more time, ay~oh\_

\_Can you hear me?\_

\_I can make it a'rain,\_

\_Make it a'soak,\_

\_make it go all night,\_

\_You just give me the chance,\_

\_Make it a'feel, alright.\_

\_That ass makes me wanna oooo~\_

\_You know exactly what you do~\_

\_I would really like to take that home.\_

\_Everybody here knows,\_

\_She looks like sex, sex, sex, sex\_â€|"

And that's when Jack rolled his eyes and groaned. He knew that was going to come sooner or later; almost everything needed to have 'sex' involved in it. Jack glanced up slightly, only to see the singer's eyes locked on him.

"\_He looks like\_," The singer crooned, before getting on with the rest of the song.

Jack just looked blankly at the singer, eyes wide and his mouth hanging open. Every other person might have not heard the little slip-up, but Jack did. He knew that when the singer said "he," he really was supposed to say "she." He blanked out for the rest of the song, looking blankly at the people onstage.

"\_She looks like sex, sex, sex, sex\_," The singer crooned again, this time, pointing out into the audience. The girl's went wild, and reached out to take his hand. But Jack knew better. He knew that the singer was pointing directly at him, and when he threw a wink to the crowd, he knew that it was directed at him. Jack blushed a deep red, which he never did, and sunk lower in his chair, pulling his hood over his head in embarrassment.

The song was coming to an end, with no other apparent slip-ups from the singer. That is, until the ending.

"\_He looks like\_," The singer ended the song, his words hanging in the air as the last notes were played. Jack turned red again, feeling those eyes on him. There was a moment of an almost-silence until the crowd erupted into an uproar. But the singer was smiling and waving, but not into the crowd; no, he was smiling and waving towards Jack.

That's when Jack immediately stood up, and made his way through the crowd.

"Oi, Frost!" Merida yelled, grabbing his forearm, "Where do ye think ye're going?!"

"Bathroom!" He yelled. "Is that a crime?!" Merida stuck her tongue out at him and let his arm go.

Jack made his way through the crowd, the music from the concert still pounding loudly in his eardrums. He found the bathrooms, and ducked inside. He leaned on one of the sinks, and looked at himself in the mirror. He was obviously flustered, his cheeks and ears an interesting shade of red with a slight amount of panic present in his crystal blue eyes. His white hair was disheveled, but that was only because it didn't have hair gel and it was ruffled by his hood.

Did he want to go back? No. Heck no. It was way too weird. The lead singer was merely teasing him, with all his onstage charm and good looksâ€|wait a minute! Why was Jack getting so worked up with this guy?! If anything, it wasn't real and the singer was actually looking at the girls in the crowd. Yet, there still was a possibility that the singer was looking at Jack.

And then Jack spotted something in the mirror that practically made his heart stop: hanging around his neck was a necklace... with a backstage pass hooked onto it.

GODAMMIT HE WAS GOING TO MEET HIM LATER ON!

Jack made himself walk back to his seat, not even glancing up at the stage at all. He sat back down and flung his hood off his head, finding it too hot to have on with all this body heat and carbon dioxide that filled the air from all the screaming.

Yup, living the life.

He then heard the singer yell to his friend. "Ready Fury?!"

"Hit it Haddock!" His friend yelled back.

The singer laughed in the microphone as the next song started.

"\_I'm that flight that you get on, international\_

\_First class seat on my lap girl, riding comfortable\_

\_'Cause I know what the girl them need,\_

\_New York to Haiti.\_

\_Got lipstick stamps on my passport,\_

\_You make it hard to leave.\_

\_Been around the world, don't speak the language\_

\_But your booty don't need explaining.\_

\_All I really need to understand is\_

\_When you, talk dirty to me\_!"

Jack turned a dark shade of red when he looked up and saw that the singer was looking directly at him as he sang. Of course, everyone else went wild, but all Jack really wanted to do was summon a black hole to appear under him and make him disappear. He sort of tuned out everything again, knowing what was generally going on, but not really paying attention to it. He felt those green eyes on him, felt the words to the song directed at him, he just forced himself not to feel, not to focus. But it shocked him when he heard a change of voice.

The singer's friend took over the microphone as he rapped.

"\_Dos Cadenas, close to genius\_

\_Sold out arenas, you can suck my penis!\_

\_Gilbert Arenas, guns on deck,\_

\_Chest to chest, tongue on neck,\_

\_International oral sex,\_

\_Every picture I take, I pose a threat\_

\_Bought a jet, what do you expect?\_

\_Her pussy's so good, I bought her a pet\_

\_Anyway, every day I'm trying to get to it\_

\_Got her saved in my phone under 'Big Booty'\_

\_Anyway, every day I'm trying to get to it\_

\_Got her saved in my phone under 'Big Booty'\_"

Everyone cheered, and the singer's friend just waved out to the crowd, to the actual crowd and not just Jack, as the main singer took the microphone again.

"\_Been around the world, don't speak the language\_

\_But your booty don't need explaining\_

\_All I really need to understand is\_

\_When you, talk dirty to me\_"

The song ended after the last lines of "\_talk dirty to me\_," that the crowd erupted into cheers again. Jack clapped his hands sardonically, feeling obligated to after all.

"Good night Burgess!" The singer's friend yelled, throwing his hands in the air and waving at everyone.

"We love you!" The singer yelled, the sincerity in his voice shocking Jack. The members of the band walked off stage, waving and throwing kisses towards the crowd, girls squealing and screaming as if they were meant for them, and before the singer disappeared offstage, he caught Jack's eye and sent him a wink. Jack flushed.

"Come on! Come on! Come on!" Anna and Punzie chanted, pulling at Jack's arms, trying to get him up out of his chair.

"We're actually going to meet them!" Elsa cheered, her voice uncharacteristically high-pitch as the excitement rolled off her in waves.

"Ay, let's go Frosty!" Merida said, aiding the other two in getting him up. He grumbled, fixing his hoodie and trying to flatten his hair.

"Is it too late now to just go home?" Jack asked desperately. He didn't not want to meet them. If only his friends would understand! If he went backstage and saw the singer (whose name he didn't know, but he had to admit that he was pretty good-looking), he would probably die because of his embarrassment!

"Yes," The four girls said, basically pushing him all the way to the VIP lounge. They flashed their badges at the guards, and they let them in instantly.

"This is so cool!" Anna yelled, hopping excitedly.

"Well, you guys have fun, I'll just be-" Jack said, jerking his thumb towards the door, but he was cut off by a couple people entering.

"Are these the radio show winners?!" A familiar voice said, the happiness clearly audible in the voice. Yes, it was the singer-guy. He entered the room as if he were sliding on ice, coming to a forced stop. "Hey guys! I'm Hiccup!" He said, greeting the girls before his green eyes landed on Jack, who was still trying to retreat from where they entered.

"And I'm Toothless," The singer-guy's friend said, waving at them. "Hiccup, do you always have to be a show off to the fans?" He questioned, as if he was scolding a child.

"Yes Mom," Hiccup replied, then he laughed as Toothless rolled his eyes. The two then turned to Jack and his friends. Toothless nudged Hiccup's shoulder, and smirked, the action not going unnoticed by Jack.

"I'm Anna!"

"Elsa."

"I'm Rapunzel."

"My name's Merida!"

The girls all greeted, and Merida grabbed Jack's shoulder, steering him closer to the two front-men of Dragon Generation. Hiccup gave him a fond, gentle smile, as if they had known each other for years. Toothless just had that signature smirk.

"I'm uh... I'm Jack." He said, not knowing what to do with his hands, so he just shoved them into his pocket.

"Well, it's nice meeting you, Jack," Hiccup said, sticking his hand out. Jack took it and they shook hands.

The rest of the night was not as embarrassing and weird as Jack had original thought. Hiccup and Toothless were, surprisingly, easy to talk to and they handled the four excitable girls rather well. Jack put his two-cents into the conversation now and then, causing Hiccup to laugh and Toothless to look at his best friend with a knowing look.

Time passed quickly, and soon the guards peeked through the doors of the lounge, informing Jack and his friends that it was time for them to leave. Each of them were given hugs by the two front-men and said their versions of goodbyes, the girls did that is. Jack left with a little wave and a small smile. Toothless and Hiccup shared a look, Toothless gave his friend a nod and Hiccup sighed.

"Wait. Jack," He said, catching his arm before he disappeared out of the lounge. "I'm... really glad you came to the concert today," He took a breath then continued on with his monologue. "You captured my attention at first glance and I really like you so... Maybe you

could, y'know, call me? Or something," He questioned, noting the way Jack's eyes widened as he held out a small piece of paper with his number on it.

"For a famous person," Jack commented, "you sure are really bad at speeches." He then smirked as he shoved the paper into the pocket of his hoodie.

Before he knew what the hell was going on, Hiccup gathered Jack into his arms for a goodbye hug. Jack hesitated a bit then hugged back. Toothless just stood back and smiled.

"Promise me something," Hiccup said, letting go.

"I don't know," Jack commented, tapping his chin and feigning the thought. "It depends."

Hiccup rolled his eyes. "Promise me, that I'll see you again," He requested.

"Well of course," Jack replied. He knew his friends were waiting for him, so he took the risk and placed a quick kiss onto Hiccup's cheek. "Talk to you later!" Jack said, waving to Toothless a little before ducking out of the lounge and joining his friends. Hiccup just stood there, too shocked to do anything else but raise his hand to his cheek where Jack's lips were moments ago. Toothless laughed out loud, causing his friend to turn and look at him. Confusion clearly shown in his features.

"Well," Toothless said. "Looks like you found something to write a song about now," he then continued laughing.

"Shut up man," Hiccup muttered, still too dazed to put enough venom into his words.

\* \* \*

><p>"So. Jack," Elsa said as they piled into the car. "What did Hiccup want?"<p>

"Nothing." Jack said, internally freaking out and questioning himself as to why he even kissed him on the cheek in the first place. He instantly pulled out his phone as the engine rived and they pulled out of the parking lot.

"Didn't seem like nothing to me, Frost," Merida remarked from the driver's seat. Anna and Rapunzel giggled, and Jack just typed in the number that Hiccup gave him into his phone.

"Okay, maybe it was a little more than nothing," Jack replied.

He texted Hiccup, saying, \*\*'Hey, btw, you looked sexy in your tank top\*\*.'

A moment later, he got a response from Hiccup saying, \*\*'Why, thank you. And You looked so sexy smart in those glasses. Mind giving me some 'private lessons?\*\*\*'

Jack blushed as he read the last two words of the message.



He quickly typed back his snarky reply: **'Only if you could handle the rough equations'**. The two then conversed back and forth till the group got back to their campus.

**'Good Night, my handsome Dragon Trainer'**, Jack said, giving Hiccup an 'x' at the end of the text.

**'Till our paths cross again my delicate and beautiful snowflake.'** Hiccup replied.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>\*okay, so the two songs in this is She Looks Like by Mike Posner and Talk Dirty To Me by Jason Derulo. <strong>

**I am super happy about who this came out, I've been wanting to write something like this for a while. I hope you loved it, and feel free to leave me a review!**

**I love you all! Have a nice day!**

**-HB**

End  
file.